

P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S

A N D

O C C A S I O N S;

(From the AUTHOR's Manuscript, in the Hands  
of the Editor.)

B Y

Mrs. S A V A G E.

---

In Two Volumes,

---

V O L. I.

---

LONDON: PRINTED FOR C. PARKER,  
IN NEW BOND-STREET. M,DCC,LXXVII.



1800

I

Y

pr  
tal  
th  
an  
th



LETTER TO MISS E. B.

*My Dear Friend,*

**Y**OU often tell me if I would  
 print my works, they would not  
 take half the Room in your Bureau,  
 that they do now in Manuscript,  
 and I should likewise save my self  
 the trouble of denying for want  
 b of

of time, &c. some very polite requests that have been made me for Copies. Should I therefore hereafter be induced, from a hope that my Sentiments may be of *use to the World*—*from the pressing requests of my Friends*—*or at the desire of several Persons of Quality*—(all which reasons by the way are reducible to my own Vanity) to publish my transient Thoughts, Works, Ideas, Writings, or what ever you please to call them, I would certainly *let all the World know, (for I take it for granted all the World will read them,)* they were written by a Woman, who at the Time she amused herself in Planning 'em, never intended them

them for publick Inspection—who  
 unblest with a learned Education, has  
 no School Rules to boast—a stranger  
 even to the Grammar of her native  
 Language—of a Disposition rather  
 inclined to gaiety—'till the cares of  
 the world and some years experience  
 wean'd her from Company and  
 Diversions; and a necessity of staying  
 at home gave Opportunity to blot  
 over many a harmless sheet of Paper;  
 both in Verse and Prose; rather than  
 interrupt others with a set of thoughts  
 that to them might be out of Season—  
 and I could farther inform them,  
 (because every one loves to hear pri-  
 vate Anecdotes of those who Write.)  
 b 2 that

that I have the care of a large Family which really finds me full employment—and without being in Trade may properly be called a Woman of Business—which I can safely say I never yet neglected for the sake of writing any thing I have yet produced—and what no one else could inform them—I confess I have so much the Spirit of Contradiction, that I much doubt, had it been my Lot, to pass a Life of Leisure, whether I should have the Inclination for Writing that I now find, when perhaps, I am not five Minutes alone, from Morn. to Night——and to prevent all Criticism on my Writings of every kind

kind, I confess that I believe them full of faults: Which, had I abilities to amend I certainly should have set about long ago—but were those Alterations to be made by a Person of real knowledge in the Art of Writing, they must I suppose destroy one half to save the other—and then they would be no longer my works.

But if I should be worth the Public Notice in this simple Undress, the Approbation of the World will be best shown by buying up my first Edition, and calling for a second. *I am,*

*My Dear Friend,*

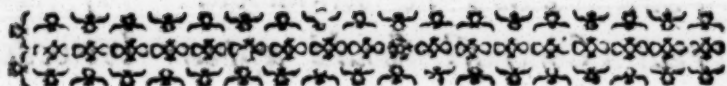
*Affectionately Yours,*

M. SAVAGE.

b 3

To

6  
2  
f  
t  
h  
o  
t  
v



## To the READER.

*THE Reader may be assured that these Poems are genuine, and printed from the Author's own Manuscript; and that none of them ever appeared in Public, except that on Oeconomy; A Copy of which having been accidentally seen by the late celebrated DOCTOR HAWKESWORTH, he so approved it, as to desire*

b 4

leave

*leave to insert it in the Gentleman's Magazine which he conducted. If too great a Contrast should appear between the Gravity of some of these Subjects and the Levity of others, it is hoped it will be excused, as they were never intended for the Press; were truly the Amusements of a leisure Hour; and are now offered to the World, in Compliance with real Sollicitations of her Friends.*

## CONTENTS.

# C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<b>N</b> OTHING New — — —	1
Cantata — — — — —	6
Letter to Miss E. B. at Bath — — —	10
The Choice — — — — —	17
Letter to my Friend E. B. — — —	19
The Recluse and Fortune — — —	26
Miss Fashion, a Tale — — — —	35
To Echo — — — — —	47

Oecconomy

# C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Oeconomy — — — — —	50
Merit — — — — —	59
To the Nightingale — — — — —	66
The Prophecy — — — — —	70
Address to the Muses — — — — —	75
Answer — — — — —	76
From a Verbal Translation of an Italian Sonnet	78
On the Tyranny of Custom — — — — —	82
On Lord Chesterfield's Letters — — — — —	85
Truth the best Doctor, a Tale — — — — —	92
On the Use—Abuse of Poetry — — — — —	98
Ode to Peace of Mind — — — — —	191
Echo defeated — — — — —	105

ERRATA in VOL. I.

Page 2, line 11, read *For those*

— 35, — 2, read *courtly* instead of *country*

— 54, — 6, read *went* instead of *meant*

— 60, — in the last line of the bottom note  
read *were* instead of *was*

— 60, in the same line of the same note read  
*George* instead of *Georgre*

— 61, — 5, read *they* instead of *the*

— — 11, read *neither* instead of *never*

— 65, — 3, read *pain* instead of PAIN

— 99, — 11, and 12, read thus :

Cease, cease to rave, nor strive an art to blast,  
Which must, like truth and love, for ever last.

REVISED

W  
O  
L  
S



## NOTHING NEW.

✱✱✱ VAUNT mistrust, be gone pale fear,

✱ A ✱  
✱✱✱

Nor whisper horrors in mine ear;

Why should I rack my thoughts in vain,

Or give my self a moment's pain,

Left criticks; (if my works they view;)

Should gravely say, here's Nothing New.

B

'Tis

'Tis Nothing New, I'm sure you know,  
 For those who write, their works to show,  
 And if they're prais'd, and render'd vain,  
 'Tis ten to one they write again;  
 And then they read it o'er with care,  
 Correcting here and adding there;  
 But others works they never view;  
 So judge the thought their own—'tis true,  
 In such mistakes, there's Nothing New.

And as I've heard, 'tis Nothing New,  
 For those who love sincere and true,  
 To fill their heads with grief and pain,  
 For fear they are not lov'd again;

“ And

“ And stories and experience tell us, ”

“ That men grow cold, and women jealous ;

And many a Lad and Lafs, 'tis said,

A jest of love, and vows have made ;

And love that's false, and love that's true,

Appear so like in every view,

That to mistake them's Nothing New.

}

That merit oft should be distress'd,

And wit, and impudence carefs'd;

That disappointment, should produce

Much disrespect, and some abuse ;

That those who rise on fortune's wheel,

The power of vanity should feel,

And think that riches are their due,  
Because ambition was their view,  
Are sure mistakes—but Nothing New.

}

That many a man's a slave to pride ;  
And pity oft is misapply'd;  
That real friends are seldom found;  
Nor does religion much abound ;  
That people often read for fashion;  
And men of genius oft shew passion ;  
That laws are good when rightly us'd,  
And justice oft is much abus'd;  
Are facts, my friend, most strictly true :  
But yet alas ! they're Nothing New.

And

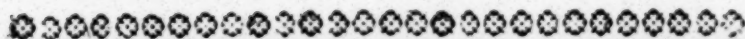
And long before our time, 'tis said,  
When Solomon had life survey'd,  
This sentence he pronounc'd as true ;  
Throughout the world there's Nothing New.



B 3      CANTATA.



C A N T A T A.



RECITATIVE.

**S**TREPHON, with all his sex's pride,  
 Had Flavia's constant love defy'd,  
 And coldly bid the gentle maid,  
 Expect her cure from reason's aid,

AIR

[ 7 ]

A I R.

Disdaining the sex,  
On no fair one I'll wait,  
Nor bind me by vows,  
To repent when too late;  
Your beauty's a flower  
That dies while we gaze,  
And your merit depends,  
On the breath of our praise.

RECITATIVE.

Flavia distressed, to cupid pray'd,  
And thus the God reveng'd the maid;

B 4

A gay coquet, with power to tease  
 He sent, to rob the swain of ease,  
 In silence long, he ill conceal'd  
 His love, which every look reveal'd,  
 At length with grief, and shame oppress'd,  
 The nymph belov'd, he thus address'd.

A I R:

Turn oh! turn thee, gentle maid,  
 Save a heart by love betray'd;  
 Each other nymph I careless see,  
 Stranger to love, till taught by thee;  
 In pity hear,  
 My vow sincere :

Turn

Turn oh! turn thee, gentle maid,  
Save a heart, by love betray'd.

# RECITATIVE.

With lively look, the nymph reply'd,  
I'm not in haste to be a bride.

# A I R.

Oh! how great is the joy,  
To affect being coy,  
And a lover to tye,  
By the glance of an eye,  
For while you pursue,  
Our charms, appear new,  
'Tis enough for old age, to be constant and true.

# LETTER



LETTER TO MISS E. B. AT BATH:

**T**O doggrel now, I turn my pen,  
     A time may come, (but lord knows when)  
 That I may try to think again.  
 At present in my brain there floats,  
 A thousand party-colour'd motes;  
 From which, if time would but permit,  
 I might sift out, some sparks of wit;

}  
}

And

And many a line in verse, and prose,  
 Are lost, whilst half a sleep I doze.  
 My \*pineal gland, could you but view  
 You'd scarce believe, your eyes see true:  
 There's such a jumble; good, and bad,  
 All sorts of thoughts, may there be had;  
 Like brokers shop; where we may find,  
 Goods that belong'd to half mankind;  
 Which should the master dare produce,  
 Are little worth, and out of use;  
 And joy would sparkle in his face,  
 Could he put better in their place.

Thus

\* See the *Spectator* No. 275, the *Dissection of a*  
*Beau's Head,*

And

Thus oft, from shop of brain, I try,  
 To throw the dirt and rubbish by ;  
 But still they gain, their former state,  
 Or leave a vacuum, in the pate.

And plagu'd I am, against my mind,  
 With thoughts, by far, too much refin'd ;  
 That preach a doctrine, out of fashion,  
 Of tender love, and inclination;  
 Which fancy, e'er our youth is past,  
 Vainly concludes, will always last ;  
 In words, and gestures, still the same,  
 As when they both were nymph and swain.

Then

Then skims across my rambling head,  
 Thoughts of the absent, and the dead ;  
 Of what's to eat, and what's to drink;  
 Of childrens welfare then I think ;  
 Next wonder, if you've——read;  
 Then wish to get by twelve to bed;  
 Declare, no more at home I'll stay;  
 Was Garrick here, I'd to the play :  
 Then why not go to church they'd say ;  
 I dont pretend myself to know,  
 But sure religion is but show :  
 What the good saint, did erst declare,  
 That we should always be at prayer,  
 Was never meant that we should be,  
 For ever on our bended knee :

}

And

Then

And tho I have not time to read,  
 Or say at church my mother creed;  
 A sigh sincere, may wing its way;  
 Tho' round the room the cat's at play.

Thus far, as sample I produce,  
 To shew my head's of little use;  
 'Till rouz'd to a more active scene,  
 I throw aside this waking dream;  
 And laying idle schemes apart,  
 Set hand to plough with all my heart;  
 And only snatch an hour to prove,  
 I still am yours, in friendly love;  
 And wish sincerely, you may find,  
 Your pleasure and your health still join'd :

And

And if you come to town to stay,  
 Desire you'll pass with me one day;  
 And pray don't fail to write a line,  
 In answer to this scrawl of mine,  
 Which (stranger to your dwelling place)  
 I mean shall bar of pump room grace.

Oh! should it fail to reach your hand,  
 And there a publick victim stand,  
 What food for laughter, I should be,  
 To those who nothing know of me;  
 But let that prove as it may hap;  
 I'm now inclin'd to take a nap;

And

Adieu

Adieu my friend——in every state,  
May ease, and plenty be thy fate,

Is the sincere wish of yours &c.



THE



## THE CHOICE.

**H**AIL to the friend who feels my woes,  
And all my anxious sorrow knows;

Who kindly listens to my pensive tale,  
And weighs my foibles in the lighter scale;

Who freely speaks, and freely hears,  
Nor flights my joys, nor flights my fears;

Who blest with sentiment refin'd,  
In judgment soars above his kind;

C

Yet

Yet with a condescending ease,  
 Attempts, the less improv'd to please;  
 Steady in precept, constancy and truth,  
 Free from the follies, (not the fire) of youth;  
 Such be the heart I'd wish should join,  
 And echo unison to mine——



LETTER



LETTER TO MY FRIEND E. B.

**N**O longer my friend will I silent remain;  
 In hopes of a brilliant poetical strain;  
 But free from controul, my pen shall display,  
 The thought of the instant, or serious, or gay;  
 If amusing 'tis well——if sower I grow,  
 'Tis an easterly wind——or a pain in my toe.

No matter the cause whence reflections arise,  
'Tis the sorting his thoughts—that makes the man [wife;  
**A** work which while young, hardly ever goes fast,  
For of faculties, (sure) we use judgment the last;  
Wit in vain may refine, and learning display,  
Without judgment assists, to clear trifles away;  
You'll expect me (perhaps) to define what I say;  
'To lay down a rule that may point out the way,  
By which to acquire—or at least to be clear,  
When your judgment's arrived—or begins to draw [near;  
But mistake not my friend—that task is too hard;  
**L**et each look 'till they find—and be that the reward;

But alas! I talk wildly—for true as the day,  
 You must not depend on one word that I say ;  
 For I always have fancy'd that people should stay  
 For things that are fine , 'till they'd money to pay.  
 That husbands, and wives, untrue to their vow,  
 Must expect to be look'd at—I cannot tell how.  
 That girls, if the name of old maiden they fear'd,  
 Should seldom be seen—and never be heard.  
 That wives should attend to household affairs,  
 Their children improve and teach 'em their prayers.  
 That not only expence, but the loss of our time,  
 Makes pursuit, of diversions, so often a crime.  
 That each should consider, to what they were bred,  
 Nor aim on the heels of their betters to tread.

But alack! my dear girl, I'm quite out of the line,  
For all the world now, are so spruce and so fine,  
That when e'er I go out—I vow I'm afraid,  
Left instead of the mistress—I speak to the maid:

You will hardly believe—but indeed it is true,  
The people of London have nothing to do :  
No business I mean—for morning, and night,  
All the world's to be met with, at every fine sight,

By the world, you must know, you are not to  
Such people as I——whom no body knows; <sup>suppose</sup>  
But the truly polite—who are blest with such ease,  
They may marry—unmarry—and do what they  
[please;  
Provided

Provided, that all be transacted with spirit;  
For wit and vivacity, constitute merit.

You remember (no doubt) the dear joys of fifteen,  
How you flaunted, and dressed, and lov'd to be seen;  
Oh! had you been taught, as you ought to have been;  
You still might have flaunted, and past for fifteen;  
For among the gay world, we never are told,  
Of a mate or a female that ever grows old.

No doubt they some method have hit on at last;  
To keep father time from trotting so fast;  
Else to the mill, they in private retire,  
Here they throw of their years—as we our attire,

And I'm ~~tempted~~ to think, (tho they wont make it  
 [known]  
 They must have found out the philosophers stone;  
 For money's so plenty, that every day,  
 From morning to night, they throw it away.

Dear heart ;————

——How I sigh, when I think of these things ;  
 How oft have we thought that riches had wings ;  
 That time gallop'd fast and for no one would stay,  
 And that death was a debt, we must certainly pay.

What a pity it is, we were not better bred,  
 And such strange musty notions, beat out of our head;

For

For now I'm afraid, 'tis too late in the day,  
'Twill surpass our best skill, to drive them away.

But should you dear friend, have the luck to attain  
The art of recalling your youth back again ;  
With a way to supply us a plenty of gold,  
I beg with all speed you'll the secret unfold ;  
We would quickly convince them, the fault was  
[not ours,  
Let them give us the chance ; I know we have  
[powers  
We'd join the gay throng, and redeem our time past,  
And part of the world be reckon'd at last ;  
Nor should I have cause, in verse or in prose,  
To subscribe my self,



THE RECLUSE AND FORTUNE.

CLOSE by a wood, which grac'd a hill,  
 Whose foot was water'd by a rill;  
 Where the spread beech, and reverend oak,  
 Had never felt the axe's stroke;

Where

Where safe beside their friendly shade,  
 The humbler hazel rears its head;  
 And kindly yields a rich repast,  
 To break the squirrels winter fast;  
 Where lowly creeping o'er the ground,  
 The native strawberry is found;  
 And many a root, and many a feed,  
 On which the sylvan tribe may feed;  
 Where woodbines sweet spontaneous rove,  
 And blooming hawthorns edge the grove;  
 With various flowers of lovely hue,  
 Which bloom and dye, conceal'd from view;  
 Where safe from harm the feather'd throng,  
 Melodious warble forth their song;

Retir'd

Retir'd from custom's galling chain,  
 'Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;'  
 A SAGE recluse, almost forgot,  
 Liv'd in a neat but homely cot ;  
 His temper mild, his sense was strong,  
 His judgment sound, experience long ;  
 His joys were calm, by reason led,  
 No wishes vain e'er fill'd his head ;  
 Free from remorse, free from disgust,  
 In virtue's pow'r he plac'd his trust ;  
 With learned books his shelf was stor'd  
 And simple plenty deck'd his board,  
 His meals were short, his hunger fauce,  
 And but for health, he took his glass.

To

To crown his bliss with social life,  
 Heav'n gave a chaste, a loving wife,  
 Possess of sense his joys to share,  
 A faithful female, wise and fair;  
 Their hours, their days, contented flew,  
 "Nor envy, nor ambition knew."

It hap'd one eve, ('twas somewhat late;)  
 They heard a trampling at their gate,  
 And murm'ring voices struck the ear,  
 Which spoke, a multitude was near.

'Twas FORTUNE's self who led the van,  
 Gave a loud rap;—and thus began;

Stay

Stay not, but ope the door :—'Tis I :

You ?——who are you ?——was the reply :

Open the door, again she said,

For my commands must be obey'd;

The SAGE unmov'd no notice took,

But turn'd attentive to his book :

How's this ? said she ; not ope the door,

To FORTUNE, when she proffers store ?

To me who us'd to adulation,

Am goddesses deem'd of every nation ?

What ? not to FORTUNE lodging give,

Whom all with open arms receive ?

I know you not,—returns the SAGE,

At this the dame began to rage ;

Defend

Defend my Life ! if e'er I knew,  
 A wight so obstinate as you ;  
 Full sure I've reason for complaint,  
 To be refused ? 'twould vex a saint ;  
 It nought avails the SAGE reply'd,  
 My mind is fix'd, you're here denied ;  
 Go farther on, you'll numbers find,  
 To share your favours well inclin'd ;  
 Besides my cot's so very small,  
 I could not lodge you, train and all.

Well then, said she, in milder strain,  
 At least make room for half my train:

With steady voice once more said he,  
 You no admittance gain from me ;

She

She soft reply'd, pray stay my friend,  
 You surely will compassion lend,  
 To a distress'd, dejected maid,  
 Who, starv'd with cold, implores your aid;  
 For POMP permit me to intreat,  
 Who fainting lies beneath my feet;  
 Here's GRANDEUR too, quite weary grown,  
 And HONOUR making piteous moan;  
 POOR GLORY, POW'R, and WEALTH are here,  
 From your neglect in deep despair;  
 All these attendant on my state,  
 Intreat an entrance at your gate;  
 At least, not every one refuse,  
 Take half, or which so e'er you chuse;

The

The night is cold, they're sick at heart,  
Your pity sure will take their part.

I'm sorry for their pains he said,  
But have not pow'r to give them aid.  
At least said she I must require,  
You'll find a lodging for DESIRE;  
However small your cot may be,  
There's room enough for her and thee.

Begone from hence, he sternly said,  
And with thee take thy profer'd maid:  
No guest like her, I entertain,  
To bring remorse, disgust and pain;

The

D

One

One only bed supplies my cot,  
And that to Hymen I allot,





MISS FASHION,

A T A L E.

**S**UPPOSE a female young, and fair,

Well vers'd in every country air,

Her face well known, in publick places;

Her study; dress, and car, and graces;

De

A

A beauty, in each circle deem'd;  
 A critic, in Bon Ton esteem'd;  
 Whose days in dissipation flew,  
 (And art, made dissipation new.)  
 Whose mornings, exhibitions share,  
 Or any fights, polite and rare;  
 A wit at every masquerade,  
 And of a frolick not afraid:  
 (For surely none but prudes will say,  
 That females ne'er with males should play;)

But satire spare——she knew the law,  
 And kept her virtue free from flaw;  
 At night all publick places o'er,  
 With a small party, half a score,

A sober game at loo she'd play;  
 Loose a cool hundred, and away;  
 And thus conclude a modish day.

}

Suppose this something like the line,  
 In which our modern females shine :  
 Then think what pangs must wreck the heart  
 Of sweet MISS FASHION——forc'd to part  
 With all the joys that life can give ;  
 (For who remov'd from town can live.)  
 Fix'd in a lonely country seat,  
 Fit for a hermit's calm retreat ;  
 Condemn'd with dear mamma to stay,  
 And now and then a visit pay

To Mistress Prim; the Parson's wife,  
 And hear her husband's rules for life;  
 To church on Sundays, constant go,  
 Where lads and lasses in a row,  
 Drest in their best apparel stand,  
 (To show respect,) on either hand;  
 Plac'd in the pew, she rolls her eye,  
 But not one single SMART can spy;  
 A frown she gives—and turns away;  
 And in a pet—begins to pray.

Sometimes with neighbouring squire they dine,  
 On venison pasty or furloin;  
 Where o'er dull port, they praise the chase,  
 And bett which horse will win the race;

And

And John the farmer tells, how hay  
 Is like to fell—next market day ;  
 And madam talks of pyes and brats,  
 And of her ducklings—kill'd by rats ;  
 Enquires for fashions out of date,  
 And flares at Miss's lofty tete.

At home she meets with nothing new,  
 And how should she know what to do ?  
 Pappa all day his farm attends,  
 And with a pipe his evening ends ;  
 Mamma prowls round the yard and dairy,  
 And calls aloud on COOK and MARY,  
 And views her poultry, cows and pig,  
 And says the farmer's wife grows big ;

MISS FASHION hates both work and reading,  
 And dies to meet with folks of breeding ;  
 She hates to think—she hates their talk,  
 And neither likes to ride—or walk ;  
 She loiters here——and faunters there,  
 Hums half a tune—then plays an air ;  
 Traces the garden o'er and o'er,  
 To find a part unseen before ;  
 At length she stroll'd beyond its bound,  
 'Till from a gentle rising ground ;  
 A little cottage caught her eye,  
 And what, says she, can this supply ?  
 When on her ear, these accents broke,  
 Which by a female voice, were spoke.

Stop

Stop here fair maid, no farther stray,  
 Beyond this cot you'd loose your way;  
 Tho I'm a stranger to thy view,  
 Trust me young maid I tell thee true:  
 There's danger, which you do not see,  
 Step in sweet lass—you're safe with me.  
 Her words so mild, distinct and clear,  
 Prevented every female fear;  
 Miss FASHION view'd the dame with care,  
 Found there was something in her air,  
 That look'd as she the world had seen;  
 And that her dress was neat and clean;  
 And tho' not quite the modish cast,  
 Among a crowd it might have past:

The

The cottage was not furnish'd fine,  
 But yet it came within the line,  
 Of what your sober folks would say, |  
 Was very decent—tho' not gay;  
 Miss FASHION look'd and look'd again,  
 Saw all was clean and neat tho' plain;  
 She saw that nothing there was new;  
 But yet the things look'd tasty too;  
 In converse too, the dame she found,  
 Knew something of the modish round;  
 But oft declared, she hated riot,  
 And laid great stress, on friends and quiet.

Miss FASHION long'd to know her name,  
 At last she thus address'd the dame;

Dear

Dear ma'm says she, with due respect,  
 I dont at present recollect,  
 We ever had the luck of meeting,  
 Tho' so oblig'd, by your kind greeting ;  
 Excuse me, if I beg to know,  
 To whom I so much kindness owe.

My name is PRUDENCE, said the dame,  
 I am but little known to FAME ;  
 I long have dwelt in this small cot,  
 By all the modish world forgot ;  
 If sought, I'm ready to attend,  
 And seldom fail to prove a friend ;  
 My office is to watch each day,  
 Lest travellers, who come this way,

Dear

Shoul

Should pass my bounds——  
 And while they thro' yon valley stray,  
 Old time should stop them in their way ;  
 A horrid Fiend——with secret wings,  
 That hide beneath, a thousand stings ;  
 Which, as he flies REFLECTION takes,  
 And into pointed arrows makes ;  
 With which he hits the careless throng,  
 By dissipation led along ;  
 Fatal and sharp the pangs they feel,  
 Nor care, nor art, the wounds can heal,  
 Time overtakes them in their way,  
 And drives them from the light of day.\*

But

But led by me, they hardly feel,  
 Reflection's arrows——tho' of steel;  
 And time so gently moves his wing,  
 They scarce perceive he has a sting;  
 Cheerful and safe life glides away,  
 Till age rever'd brings on decay.

She ceas'd and saw the maiden blush'd,  
 And for a moment all was hush'd.

MISS FASHION heav'd a gentle sigh,  
 And with a modest down cast eye;  
 Her kind instructor thus address'd,  
 Oh! let me here for ever rest;

Henceforth

But

Henceforth do thou, my new found friend,  
 My Monitor ;——my steps attend ;  
 Thy convert, from relapse protect,  
 And every word and thought direct.





To E C H O.

**E**CHO! thou gentle nymph, forbear  
 A while to wave thy wings in air,  
 Cease to repeat my secret woe,  
 Be silent whilst my sorrows flow ;

If a tender sigh should steal  
 And my virgin love reveal,  
 Or my bounding heart should beat;  
 When I hear my shepherd's feet;  
 If lost in thought, my prating tongue,  
 (For near my lips, the sound is hung,)  
 Should, e'er incautious, drop his name,  
 Be silent nymph, and spare my shame.

Should tears of pleasure fill mine eye,  
 And my rapt'rous pulse beat high,  
 From the picture fancy made,  
 When I slept beneath yon shade;  
 Should I tell the melting bliss,  
 That I feel in every kiss;

In

In reason's absence, should I say,  
 Lovely shepherd, come away ;  
 Be silent nymph—and every day,  
 My vows I'll at thy grotto pay.



In

E

OECONOMY



O E C O N O M Y.

**D**ISTANT from court, and far remov'd,  
 From scenes by art and wealth improv'd;  
 Two sister twins, of form sublime,  
 Were bred with care by father TIME.

Dame

Dame WISDOM, (once his loving wife,  
 Who long ago had quitted life,)  
 With heavy sighs, and many a tear,  
 Resign'd the children to his care;  
 And with her parting breath, the dame,  
 To each fair nymph bequeath'd a name :  
 PRUDENCE she term'd the elder maid,  
 Be thine OECONOMY, she said,  
 (My latest care.) decreed by fate,  
 In future times to save a state.  
 With strict attention, father TIME,  
 Improv'd each maid while in her prime ;  
 And fraught her mind with every grace, }  
 That could in female heart take place.

From childhood taught, to bend their will;  
 Strangers to every act of ill:  
 Few friends they had, few visits made,  
 No airs of pride, no arts they play'd ;  
 To fashion they paid small regard,  
 Yet knew to dress, or write a card.  
 The maids thus past in ease their days,  
 Unsought by tops, unmark'd by praise ;  
 For reading oft an hour they'd chuse,  
 Now to instruct, now to amuse,  
 And every day they read the news,  
 Where with surprise, they frequent see,  
 The name of fair OECONOMY:  
 OECONOMY the fleet has paid,  
 She's gone to France to settle trade ;

Oeconomy

OECONOMY has lop'd our trees,  
 At court, no doubt her charms must please :  
 Thus pro and con, or first, or last,  
 Her name they fix'd to all that past;  
 And each was ready to declare,  
 In town she liv'd, and each knew where.

The MAID convinc'd how little share,  
 She claim'd, in what was doing there ;  
 Resolv'd to learn her rivals name,  
 Maintain her right, and clear her fame.  
 Her sister oft would urge her stay,  
 But her advice bore little sway :

In words like these the gentle maid,  
 Would thus endeavour to diswade.  
 " Believe me girl you're much to blame,  
 Nought they advance, can hurt your fame;  
 For who that knows us both, can say,  
 We ever meant a different way?  
 And no one yet, that I can hear,  
 Pretends to say, that I am there;  
 Besides should they dispute your name,  
 Pray tell me how you'll prove your claim? "

Enrapt in thought, the beauteous maid,  
 Nor blam'd, nor prais'd, what e'er she said;  
 Intent to clear her spotless fame,  
 She sees no danger, fears no shame;

But

But hasts to town, without delay,  
 To search at Court, or Change or Play ;  
 Her name she hears in every place,  
 But no one seems to know her face ;  
 At last she mixes in a crowd,  
 Where clam'rous tongues were speaking loud ;  
 And heard them by consent declare,  
 OECONOMY inhabits here :  
 Confus'd, amaz'd, she now decrys,  
 A figure like her own in size ;  
 That mov'd along in pomp and state,  
 While crowds submissive round her wait.  
 Her name the damsel need not ask,  
 She knew SELF-INTEREST, tho' in masque ;

But

E 4

With

With boldness she approach'd the dame,  
 Her right demands, declares her name ;  
 Confusion soon was in each face,  
 But INTEREST still maintain'd her place,  
 And with an air of proud disdain,  
 Condemns the maid to grief and pain ;  
 Her slaves in haste her will obey,  
 And drag the beauteous nymph away,  
 To a lone wood—whose boughs o'er shade,  
 A horrid pit—were erst 'tis said,  
 Fair TRUTH was hid from human sight,  
 'Till found by TIME, and brought to light :

With heart felt woe, the pensive maid,  
 Surveys the silent darksome shade ;

“ My

“My native home, farewell ! she cries,  
 Echo (at hand,) farewell replies ;  
 Adieu, dear sister ! heavenly maid !  
 Too late I seek, and wish thy aid.”

In silence, then, she ceas'd complaint,  
 'Till hopeless grown without constraint,  
 Aloud she prays ; aloud she cries,  
 And lifts to heaven her weeping eyes ;  
 In vain her eyes with tears o'er flow,  
 Her foes unmov'd no pity show ;  
 Down the deep pit the maid they hurl'd,  
 An exile from the thoughtless world,

My

Nor

Nor shall she rise to bless our race,  
'Till PRUDENCE gains SELF-INTEREST's place.



MERIT.



M E R I T.

**I**N times of yore ; (as I've been told,)  
 Before they made ill use of gold,  
 E'er law, and trade, and cards, and dice,  
 And jobbing stocks, were screens for vice ;

Before

T.

Before they'd heard of masquerades,  
 Or knew to make italian \*shades;  
 When sparks ascended to the sky,  
 From simple billets, piled on high:  
 † E'er art, had given shape to flame,  
 Or lambent lights told George's name:  
 E'er men were fops, or girls coquets,  
 Or titles, screen'd the great from debts:  
 When chearful sound of shepherds pipe,  
 Did more than op'ra song delight:

When

\* *Pictures exhibited at Ranelagh, so called.*

† *Fire works on Tower-Hill—on the front of which,  
 Lamps was fixed, that formed George Rex.*

When fair ones slept, at close of day,  
 And rose at morn, to hail the may:  
 When youth robust, pursu'd the chase,  
 Or pitch'd the bar, or ran the race,  
 Nor fear'd the snow, or wind or rain,  
 Or dar'd to make a jest prophane.

There liv'd remote at foot of hill,  
 (By which there ran a bubbling rill,  
 An ancient pair—who free from strife,  
 Had trod the rugged paths of life;  
 Who never wish'd, nor fear'd their de-  
 But had with ease, resign'd their breath .

One girl they left, (the maid was fair.)  
 To all their virtues she was heir,  
 Good sense she had, nor wanted spirit.  
 Was well brought up; they call'd her MERIT.

Her parents dead, and left alone,  
 She judg'd it right to come to town;  
 For she had heard her father tell,  
 The people there liv'd wondrous well:  
 She first a visit paid to PRIDE,  
 He was at home—but was deny'd.  
 For RICHES she enquir'd ('tis said,)  
 But only saw the chamber-maid.  
 To VANITY, she next apply'd,  
 (Who was just then become a bride.)

She

She ask'd her in, you may suppose,  
 To show her plate, her house, her cloaths,  
 Her china figures, india screen,  
 Her cups and saucers, right nankeen;  
 And when her husband, (WIT) came home,  
 She made the bashful damsel known.

MERIT well pleas'd with her reception,  
 Was very loth to take exception,  
 But yet they gave such flings and jokes,  
 When e'er they talk'd of sober folks,  
 She could not for her life forbear,  
 But told them plain it was not fair.  
 Her saying this gave great offence,  
 And was for them a good pretence

To

She

To let her see, she must not stay :  
 She took the hint—and went away. !  
 Resolv'd some other friends to try,  
 But they were all, most wondrous shy ;  
 Some said they did not know her name,  
 And others talk'd of asking fame,  
 If she could give them information,  
 Who the wench was, and what her station

There still was left one worthy friend,  
 On whom she knew, she might depend :  
 Her name CONTENT ; she tramp'd about,  
 But could not find her dwelling out.

Distress'd

Distress'd and vex'd her money gone,  
 She now resolv'd to leave the town ;  
 But as she walk'd along with PAIN,  
 (Just as she'd beg'd of one DISDAIN,)  
 An open hearted youth came by,  
 With healthful look, and piercing eye,  
 He mark'd the maid—and found her heart,  
 Was to his own a counter-part.

The girl was smitten with the youth,  
 And soon perceiv'd his name was TRUTH:  
 Hearts so alike were quickly join'd,  
 Free from restraint they spoke their mind,  
 Agreed to wed without delay,  
 And having pass'd their wedding day,  
 Went down to live with Pitt, at Hay:  
 F

}

To



TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

CHaunt on, thou sweetest of the feather'd throng ;  
 I'll listen to thy song ;  
 Perhaps thy notes may sooth my breast,  
 Attending thee, at least I rest ;  
 Sad is the heart, when such sweet sounds as these,  
 By sighs intruding lose the pow'r to please.

II Let

## II.

Let not my sighs, sweet bird ! disturb thy lay,  
 In softest murmurs shall they steal away;  
 A throbbing heart, a tear that silent flows,  
     Only shall declare my woes ;  
     Words alas ! but little prove,  
     Looks, and gestures speak in love,  
     Flowing mutual from the mind,  
     Ever constant ever kind ;  
 But if estrang'd, what hopes remain,  
 To bring the wanderers back again ?

III.

Hard is the task to bear our grief,  
Without the hope of kind relief:

Did the nymph despise my love,  
Anger might my care remove;

But while doubts the soul torment,  
Love can ne'er enjoy content;

If faith and truth dear nymph! thy heart would prove,  
For thine own sake, my anxious fears remove!

V. Swift

## IV.

Swift to the woods sweet songster fly !

Vain is all thy melody ;

With penfive steps, I'll quit the grove,

Where erst I mus'd on constant love ;

And hurried on from care to care,

Now hope, now fear, and now despair ;

'Till drinking deep of Lethe's friendly stream,

Loft to myself, despair becomes a dream.



# THE PROPHECY.

I.

AS CUPID in his cradle lay,  
 Tir'd with pleasing toil of play,  
 VENUS watching o'er his rest,  
 Th' attendant graces thus address'd,

Mark

Mark this babe, while I relate,  
 What shall be his future fate ;  
 He shall reign with high command,  
 And around his throne shall stand,  
 Wanton WIT, with every wile,  
 That can care, or thought beguile ;  
 Gayly tripping o'er the mead,  
 She his careless steps shall lead.  
 Pleasing HOPE, around his head,  
 Shall her downy pinions spread :  
 And while she flatters, every fond desire,  
 BEAUTY assisting, shall increase his fire.

## II.

Luxurious EASE, supinely laid,  
 On a bed of violets made,  
 In her perfum'd magic bow'r,  
 Shall enchant him by her pow'r,  
 With curling locks, and smiles of joy,  
 MIRTH shall greet the thoughtless boy ;  
 Whilst her sportive nymphs advance,  
 And surround him in their dance ;  
 Rosy bands, their hands unite,  
 (Hands of purest native white.)  
 Nets of eglantine and vine,  
 Shall his graceful form intwine ;  
 Long shall he sport, amid the jovial crew ;  
 Charm and be charm'd, and still each joy be new.  
III. FANCY

## III.

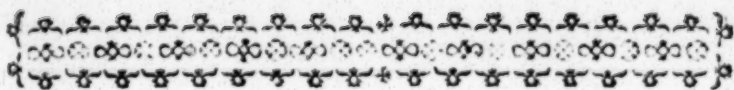
FANCY, giddy changing maid,  
 In a shadowy robe array'd;  
 Lightly skimming o'er the ground,  
 Shall his temples, wreath around.  
 To compleat the Monarch's state,  
 PLEASURE, at his call shall wait.  
 These the happy boy shall tend,  
 And his ev'ry wish befriend;  
 Happy indeed! if these were all thy train,  
 Thy pow'rs were boundless—endless were thy reign.

IV. But

## IV.

But too clear, my fears decry,  
 Ills, that lurking near him lie ;  
 Haughty PRIDE, with iron chain,  
 AFFECTATION and DISDAIN,  
 Cold INDIFFERENCE, jealous FEAR,  
 Broken FAITH, and sad DESPAIR,  
 Creeping on with silent pace,  
 In thy train shall find a place,  
 And defying all thy pow'r,  
 (Stealing charms from every hour,)  
 TIME shall hasten on the way,  
 Leading quick to thy decay.  
 'Till AGE, forgetful of my lovely boy,  
 With frozen looks, his kingdom shall destroy.

ADDRESS



# ADDRESS TO THE MUSE,

## AND HER ANSWER.

**I** have ask'd thee my muse, and now ask thee again;  
 To grant me once more a poetical strain ;  
 'Tis not to indulge, in the hopes of applause;  
 Nor to speak to the men, in defence of our cause;  
 But the season demands, that my friend should be clear,  
 That I wish her much mirth and a happy new year.

ANSWER.

## A N S W E R.

Away with thy folly, nor give thy self pain,  
 Thy friend doth not want, to be told it again :  
 For long has she known, how thy thoughts are  
 Nor would she believe, should you swear they were [arrang'd,  
 And often of late have I skimm'd o'er thy brain, [chang'd,  
 To tempt thee to write—but my offer was vain ;  
 If serious I came—'twas too much for your mind;  
 In sentiment dress'd, I was thought too refin'd ;  
 If satire I nam'd—in a fright you would say,  
 They surely with int'rest the debt will repay.  
 But I look'd thro' your heart, and found out the  
 That love, was your Ladyship's favourite theme. [scheme,

And

And, (most strange to behold ;) however express'd,  
 To your husband alone, that love was address'd :  
 But custom forbad you, to speak your mind plain,  
 Or him to applaud, such an old fashion'd strain:  
 Disgusted at this, now the pen you refuse ;  
 Then; (true Poet like,) lay the blame on your muse;  
 But think not that I, for your faults will atone,  
 Either follow your genius or let me alone.



FROM



FROM A  
VERBAL TRANSLATION.  
OF AN  
ITALIAN SONNET.

FOND Strephon and his much lov'd maid,  
Plac'd on a bank beneath a shade ;  
Sportive, innocent and gay,  
Pass'd an evening hour away.

The

The glassy river running near,  
 Reflects their form distinct and clear,  
 The Shepherd viewed the charming maid,  
 And saw her cautiously evade,  
 The kind return his eyes intreat,  
 Should she perchance his glances meet;  
 But saw in the transparent tide,  
 The smiles she vainly strove to hide.

Mark my fair, the Shepherd says,  
 The beam that on the water plays;  
 See those rows of pearl compleat,  
 In that frame of coral set,  
 Nay my love, turn not away,  
 For with thee, they go or stay.

Ah!

Ah! Strephon said the tender maid,  
 Look not on that neighb'ring shade,  
 Remember poor NARCISsus' fate,  
 And know thy danger full as great.  
 Charm'd by the Praïses of the maid,  
 Yet to observe them, half afraid,  
 The danger of the flood I dare,  
 Could I but meet SALMACIS there ;  
 He softly whisper'd——not unheard ;  
 When near his fleecy flock appear'd:  
 The sheep disturb the limped stream,  
 Beautèous no more the shadows seem,  
 Confus'd the river moves along,  
 And circles on each other throng.

The

The lovers gaz'd, but neither spoke,  
At length the nymph her silence broke.

Tell me shepherd, tell me true,  
If the sudden change we view,  
May not justly be defin'd  
Emblem of a lover's mind,  
Which by virtuous thoughts possess,  
Like the river when at rest,  
Runs clear ; " and as it runs, refines,"  
'Till from below "the mirror shines;  
But when licentious thoughts invade,  
All its glories quickly fade,  
Like the pure stream, your flocks defil'd,  
Its charms dispers'd, its shadow spoil'd:

The

G

On



ON THE  
TYRANNY OF CUSTOM.

OF tyrants I've read, who have made Nations  
And of husbands and wives, being tyrants in turn;  
That LOVE is a tyrant, is oftentimes said,  
Sometimes to the lover, sometimes to the maid;

That

That ANGER's a tyrant we cannot dispute,  
 From his pow'r of changing the man to a brute;  
 Of tyrants like these, each would shake off the chain,  
 And tho' forc'd to submit, that submission is pain;  
 But a tyrant there is, more pow'rful than these,  
 Who instead of opposing, we all strive to please.  
 His name to your mind, sure I need not recall;  
 Is not CUSTOM, the tyrant, who governs them all?  
 'Tis he makes the man with six hundred a year,  
 Like him with six thousand attempt to appear;  
 He fills the assembly, the ball, and the play,  
 With those, who attending their business should stay;  
 He teaches to wed—for the sake of an heir,  
 While love is bestow'd on some favourite fair;

That

G a

He

He employs ev'ry female, who would be polite,  
 In diversions all day, and in cards all the night ;  
 He commands debts of honor both sexes should pay,  
 But judges it proper that tradesmen should stay ;  
 He dictates our words, on our books he attends,  
 And scarcely allows us, the choice of our friends.

But in vain the attempt, half his powers to name,  
 And still harder the task, to throw off his chain ;  
 For judgment, and reason, must learn to obey,  
 Whilst Custom's the tyrant, who governs the day.





O N  
LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS  
To A FRIEND.

I know my friend the pains and care,  
You take, to breed your favourite heir;  
That every day, you fill his head,  
With what LORD CHESTERFIELD has said,  
Of cleaning teeth, and rubbing gums,  
And washing hands, and paring thumbs;

His nose to blow extremely clean,  
 And never let the dirt be seen;  
 His buckles too—to place aright,  
 And keep his stockings pull'd up tight;  
 To carve at table, with an air,  
 Nor drop the gravy here and there.  
 For faults like these would vex a saint,  
 This last, would surely, make you faint:  
 To take especial care of dancing,  
 Nor nod his head, like horse when prancing;  
 To hand a lady to her chair,  
 And give his snuff box, with an air;  
 To ogle, fuese, and heave a sigh,  
 To catch a female ear, or eye;

But

But let him sit, stand, run, or trot,  
 Never let dancing be forgot ;  
 By help of that, with easy grace,  
 He'll move his hat, and take his place ;  
 And female hearts he'll so enthrall,  
 Like ninepins, they'll before him fall ;  
 With ladies too, you wish he may,  
 In small talk, pass his time away ;  
 Their beauty flatter, praise their wit,  
 And thus their ruling passion hit.  
 These things acquir'd, you'll fondly say,  
 The GRACES blest his natal day.  
 I own the doctrine right and true,  
 The GRACES are your point in view,  
 Which, by his LORDSHIP drest, look new.

G 4

But

But for the postscript, to his book,  
 You may in MATTHEW PRIOR look;  
 Who knowing what the GRACES were,  
 Did thus his sentiments declare.

“ Beyond the fix’d, and moral rules,  
 “ Of vice, and virtue, in the schools,  
 “ Beyond the letter of the law,  
 “ Which keeps our men and maids in awe,  
 “ The better sort, have set before ’em,  
 “ A grace, a manner, a decorum,  
 “ Something, which gives their acts a light,  
 “ Makes them not only just, but bright.”

But

But soft my friend—e're you proceed,  
 Tell me to what, this heir you breed;  
 Is he design'd to court to go,  
 Or shine abroad like Plenipo.  
 Has he estate, at home to stay,  
 And dissipate his time away ;  
 Or must he lead a common life,  
 Learn a good trade, and take a wife.

You say, you never dreamt of court,  
 Nor must he pass his time in sport.

Then when you CHESTERFIELD commend,  
 Take care to draw a line good friend :

Left whilst the GRACES he attain,  
 Some other precepts catch his brain;  
 And he attempt, thro' life to rise,  
 By falshood, flattery, and lies;  
 Never his real heart to show,  
 Or trust a friend with joy or woe;  
 E'en LOVE's soft passion, teach to bend,  
 And make it serve, some private end;  
 And wanting precepts good and sound:  
 Not ev'n a moralist be found,  
 Whilst you, his serious maxims tend,  
 Proceed the GRACES to commend;  
 But they alone, won't suit his part,  
 The man must have an honest heart,

Else trade may fail—and credit stand,  
With all the GRACES at command:

Then guard him from the dangerous part,  
And fix the GRACES in his heart.



Else

TRUTH



T R U T H  
The best D O C T O R,  
A T A L E.

**A** Merchant of London, had plenty of gold  
With houses and horses, and acres untold,  
Success had attended his actions thro' life,  
He had married his daughters, and buried his wife.

In defiance of fashion he liv'd his own way,

And puff'd (if he chose it) nine pipes in a day,

To the males when they came, of his wine he was  
[free,  
And the ladies he treated with coffee and tea.

He frequented the 'change, and he lik'd a good play,

And backgamon, or whist,—if it came in his way.

But he was not at ease—he'd a cloud on his brow,

And his health was not right—but he could not tell  
[how.

Physicians were call'd, and they medicines apply'd,

Catharticks, emeticks, and blisters beside,

He was fous'd in cold water, and parboil'd in hot,

Nor was bleeding, and cupping, or glysters forgot,

To Tunbridge, to Bath, and to Margate he went,

And to give them more time, to the Spaw he was sent.

Return

Return but not mended, a horse they provide,  
 And declare for his health he must certainly ride;  
 He mounted each day, and still went the same round,  
 Both morning, and night;—but no benefit found.

Chance often reveals, what no science can reach,  
 And experience in pain oft will make a man preach.

POOR FRIENDLY (an object the doctors gave o'er,)  
 In the prime of his life to a skeleton wore,  
 Was left to his strength, to a horse, and the air,  
 With a wish (not a hope) thus his health to repair;  
 When NATURE indulgent, performing her part,  
 And time, with precaution exceeding all art,

His health was restor'd, and his spirits grew gay,  
 Yet for many months after, he mounted each day,  
 And morning, and night, he rod on the same way.

The Merchant and he oft each other had past,  
 O'er taken—and bow'd—when a shower at last,  
 Oblig'd them together a shelter to seek,  
 When in point of good manners, you know they  
 [must speak.

The weather they talk of, the trees and the news,  
 And twenty things more which might serve to amuse,  
 When FRIENDLY grown curious, his chum thus  
 [address,  
 May I ask, my good fir, by what ills you'r oppress.

Alas

Alas says the merchant, I'm riding for health ;  
 A blessing I cannot procure by my wealth.  
 Is your stomach impar'd ?--no!--my appetite's good.  
 Perhaps its some humour got into your blood.

It is not said he in their pow'r to find out;  
 I've neither the dropfy, the asthma, nor gout ;  
 And after a series of medicines were try'd,  
 Some ten years ago, they all said I must ride ;  
 But I find no relief—I've a weight on my brow,  
 And my health is not right—but I cannot tell how.

Your age pray good sir? (if I am not too free,)  
 Just turn'd (says the merchant) of seventy three.

Ah!

Ah ! Sir he replies, I perceive what you ail,  
 Ferty years are elaps'd, and left out of your tale :  
 Gay youth is departed—old age will appear,  
 And you dont take to't kindly, my good Sir I fear.

The Merchant return'd, you are right my kind  
 No longer on Doctors, but truth I'll depend ;  
 No longer I'll seek after what cannot be,  
 No longer a frown, on my brow shall you see,  
 While blest with my senses, at Seventy-three.





ON THE USE—ABUSE OF POETRY.

The CRITIC, and the SYLPH of the VASE,

At BATH-EASTON.

**I**F I chose to write—says a Critic ; in spleen,  
 I would quickly decide, this poetical theme ;  
 And prove it as clear, as the light to your eyes,  
 That poetry, serves as a shelter for lies.

If a hero they paint, he is prais'd to the sky,  
 And a God or a Goddess his wants must supply;  
 If they beauty describe; I defy you to know,  
 The face; by the picture they set out to show.  
 And for Satire, (believe me,) they say that in rhyme,  
 Which they dare not in prose attempt to define.  
 They would have you believe, that the muses inspire,  
 And fill all their works, with poetical fire;  
 But, from what I have said, (which is but a part,  
 You may see their abuse of the Lyrical Art.  
 Cease, cease then to rave, nor an art strive to blast,  
 Which like truth, love, and time must for evermore  
 Reply'd the Sylph—(who bending o'er the vase, <sup>last.</sup>  
 Upholds the mirtle wreath, which crowns applause.)

H 2

While

While there's a heart that friendship's pow'r can feel;  
 While there's a heart, inspir'd by heavenly zeal;  
 While tender lovers, fear to speak their woe,  
 While blushing fair ones fear true love to show;  
 While truth sublime, shall o'er the mind prevail;  
 While wit shall flourish, and while beauty's frail;  
 While lays, poetic, from this vase resound,  
 By genius prompted, and by MILLER crown'd;  
 So long shall every tender feeling breast,  
 That can by joy be rais'd, or grief oppress,  
 Confess the bliss, poetick lays inspire,  
 And sing the praises of APOLLO's lyre.



# ODE TO PEACE OF MIND.

## I.

**H**Ail heaven born nymph, sweet peace oh! hear,  
 A faithful votary's, ardent prayer;  
 Who mourns alas! with sad dismay,  
 Thy absence thro' each tedious day;  
 And feels the precious moments fly,  
 In wild confus'd uncertainty,  
 Whose scatter'd thoughts, whose muses fall,  
 No pow'r but thine can e'er recal.

## II. Return

II.

Return sweet nymph, and bring to me,  
Thoughts sedate, and fancy free :

Where, ah ! where; thou maid divine,  
Lyes conceal'd thy sacred shrine ;  
Thither quick, let me repair,  
Breath my vows, and hush my care.  
Not in solitude thou'rt found,  
Nor in mirths, deceitful round,  
Not to rustick cots confin'd,  
Nor, the tender feeling mind;  
From courts estrang'd, thou wing'st thy way,  
Nor pow'r, nor state, ensure thy stay.

III. In

## III.

In kindness lend, thou maid divine,  
The clue, to find thy secret shrine :

With cautious hand the clue I'll hold,  
That may the mystick maze unfold ;  
If right I ween, by thee 'twas made,  
When Jove of earth the basis laid :  
From Truth, from Love, from Gratitude,  
From Freedom, Friendship, Fortitude,  
From mutual warmth, and social care,  
The happy few in wedlock share ;  
Each slender fibre you conjoyn'd,  
To form the bliss of human kind;

And Jove assenting, to the world proclaim'd,  
 By his behests, the wond'rous maze was fram'd:  
 But least mankind should catch the clue,  
 And limit to this earth, their view,  
 Swift to his throne, you haste away;  
 Nor here but in our fancy stay.



ECHO



## ECHO DEFEATED.

**R**Emoved from dear London to hills and to vales,  
Retreats fit for shepherds, to sigh out love tales ;

Distrest was poor Chloe—ah! where shall she fly,  
No mortal to speak to or make a reply—  
How hard is my fate—says the maid with a sigh.

I

What

What a treasure of secrets have I in my pate ;  
 I'll tell them the trees—but I'll hear my self prate:  
 Prate—echo replied—that I will the nymph said ;  
 Whilst echo attempted to follow the maid,  
 But her thoughts were so quick, her words flew so  
 [ fast,  
 That Echo could never discover the last :  
 I'm defeated quoth echo—no longer I'll try,  
 To catch your last word—I must stay 'till you dye:

End of the first Volume.



y fo  
ast,